

GAGAKU

long lines in front of the USSR exhibit in Los Angeles
I got there early
3 days before opening

all the russians appeared to be american
businessmen with attache cases

on the hustle
a real group
people move as groups
3 here 4 there
2 arm in arm

I'm one of 'em
only here do I
get away

become something
more or
less than
group

here I
pat demons on back
that black cloth
I pat my hand right through them
I see them yet my hand goes through
them
it's this paradox
we have paradox
to shadow us

and we have demons wildly clapping
for my message lack
they don't like that
now they do
giggling

if I'm diffuse
it's because
I don't know

but listen,
this page has almost run out
and I've said nothing
badly